"The dynamic between Winter Soldier and Hawkeye is excellent." – AiPT!

TALES OF SUSPENSE

featuring

HAWKEYE

and the

WINTER SOLDIER

M. ROSENBERG
FOREMAN
R. ROSENBERG

MARVEL

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I HATE THESE THINGS.

ARE THEY GONNA SERVE THE DRINKS IN HERE? OR IS THAT AFTER?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE POINT.

IF THEY WERE SMART, THEY'D SERVE THE DRINKS FIRST. GET THE CROWD GOING, YA KNOW?

I KNOW. "CLOSURE." IT HELPS YOU LET GO.

GUESS I'M UP.

I'VE SEEN MORE THAN MY SHARE OF PEOPLE I LOVE PUT INTO THE GROUND. I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE LETTING GO FIXED ANYTHING.

IF ANYTHING, I SHOULD HAVE HELD ON LONGER.

DAMN. HE LOOKS *MESSED* UP.

OR MAYBE HE ALWAYS LOOKED LIKE THAT.

I'M SORRY, WHO ARE YOU?

CLINT. AND YOU ARE?

HOW DID YOU KNOW DAVID?

YACHTS... YACHTING...WE OWNED A YACHT TOGETHER. SORT OF A SHARED YACHT...THING.

AND HOW DID *YOU* KNOW DAVID?

WE WORKED TOGETHER.

RIIIIGHT.

HEY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? I'VE HEARD--

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I FIND YOU QUITE UNPLEASANT.

A LOT OF PEOPLE DO...

WAIT, WHERE'D YOU GET THAT *DRINK?*

THIS IS GOING WELL.

HELLO...

WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S CLINT.

CLINT WHAT?

YACHT.

STUPID.

BUT NOT SPELLED THE WAY YOU'RE THINKING.

BETTER.

MY NAME IS PETER ANTONE.

LOTTA SECURITY YOU GOT HERE, PETER.

SOME OF MY COLLEAGUES HAVE MET WITH UNFORTUNATE ENDS RECENTLY, AS YOU CAN SEE. AND ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO SAFE IN MY LINE OF WORK.

AND WHAT *IS* IT YOU DO, PETER?

I'M THE AMBASSADOR TO CHERNAYA.

THAT'S A COUNTRY, RIGHT?

IT IS. YOU SHOULD VISIT SOME TIME.

YEAH? CAN I CRASH ON YOUR COUCH?

CLINT, THIS IS A PRIVATE SERVICE. I HAVE A FLIGHT HOME WITHIN THE HOUR AND I WAS HOPING TO SPEND THIS TIME WITH MY ***FRIENDS.***

EASY, FELLAS. IT'S COOL.

HAIL HYDRA.

I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...

...MR. BARTON.

#$@%.

#$@%.

NGH!

LOOK, DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A BIG THING... LOTSA YOU HYDRA GUYS ARE TURNING UP DEAD SINCE YOUR LITTLE REGIME COLLAPSE. I'M NOT LOSING SLEEP OVER IT, BUT I ***WAS*** HOPING TO FIND OUT WHO'S KILLING YOU.

SO... CAN WE TALK?

I'M GONNA TAKE THAT AS A MAYBE.

OKAY. THIS ISN'T WORKING.

I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.

OOPS. NOT MY FAULT?

OKAY. THIS ONE MIGHT BE MY FAULT.

BOBBI ALWAYS SAID IT, BUT I THINK I CAN FINALLY ADMIT I'M NOT GREAT AT THIS *"SPY STUFF."*

I DON'T KNOW HOW NATASHA DOES IT...

DID IT.

DOES IT.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!

OH, NO. THAT EXTINGUISHER WAS FOR THE ***FIRE,*** WASN'T IT?

YEAH. UNDERCOVER IS NOT FOR ME.

LOOK, ALL I'M SAYING IS, YES, THIS IS PARTIALLY MY FAULT, BUT NOBODY MADE YOU THROW A PARTY FOR A BUNCH OF TERRORISTS.

IT WAS A *FUNERAL!* I RUN A *FUNERAL HOME!*

ON H K
EMORI HOME
E 1959

OKAY. SO I BURNED DOWN YOUR BUSINESS. I TOLD YOU, TONY STARK IS GONNA BUY YOU A BRAND-NEW--

I LIVED THERE!

C'MON, MAN. YOU THINK I DON'T FEEL BAD ENOUGH ALREADY?

CAN WE GET BACK TO YOUR STATEMENT?

YEAH, SORRY. AS I WAS SAYING--I WAS LOOKING FOR MY FRIEND WHO JUST DIED.

YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS YOUR FRIEND'S FUNERAL?

NO. I THOUGHT SHE KILLED THIS GUY.

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR--

AVENGERS
HAWKEYE
CLINTON FRANCIS BARTON

ACTUALLY I'M HERE ON TOP-SECRET AVENGERS BUSINESS. SO...THANKS FOR STOPPING BY.

WELL, THIS WAS A WASTE OF A SATURDAY NIGHT.

DID I EVEN GET ANYTHING USABLE?

OH, WAIT. I HAD A QUESTION...

POLICE

"ANY OF YOU GUYS EVER HEARD OF CHERNAYA?"

IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE CAPTAIN AMERICA, A.K.A. STEVE ROGERS, A.K.A. MY FORMER CLOSE FRIEND AND MENTOR, A.K.A. SUPREME LEADER OF HYDRA, A.K.A. AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS TRAITOR...

...KILLED THE BLACK WIDOW, A.K.A. NATASHA ROMANOFF, A.K.A. MY MOST *QUIXOTIC* EX-GIRLFRIEND, A.K.A. THE LEADER OF THE RESISTANCE AGAINST HYDRA, A.K.A. BLAH BLAH BLAH...

BLUTCH

WHAT'S THE HOLDUP?

ARE YOU SERIOUS? YOU DON'T READ THE NEWSPAPER?

NOT SINCE *CALVIN & HOBBES* ENDED.

...OR MAYBE IT'S JUST FINDING OUT THAT A BUNCHA PEOPLE I KNOW NAT WOULD WANT DEAD HAVE TURNED UP DEAD...

SO...WHAT ARE YOU? NGO? CIA? MI6? PMC?

JUST A GUY LOOKING FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

...BUT I THINK NATASHA ROMANOFF IS *STILL ALIVE.*

CHERNAYA IS IN FULL COLLAPSE. THE STUDENT PROTESTERS HAVE SHUT DOWN EVERYTHING. THEY SAY IT WILL PAVE THE WAY FOR A MILITARY COUP ANY DAY.

WHAT ABOUT THE EMBASSY?

IT HASN'T BEEN EVACUATED YET, BUT EVERYONE WANTS THEM OUT. HEARD THERE'S GOING TO BE A MASSIVE PROTEST THERE TODAY.

NOW, MAYBE I'M A HOPELESS ROMANTIC WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO USE THE WORD "*QUIXOTIC*" CORRECTLY...

Взрывчатый

GOT A TAIL ALREADY? EVEN IF THEIR WHOLE COUNTRY IS FALLING APART, GUYS WITH BARBED WIRE TATTOOS AND NO NECKS STILL LOVE TO BUST MY BALLS.

THESE TWO AREN'T SUBTLE. THAT MEANS THEY ARE EITHER *REALLY* BAD AT THEIR JOBS...

...OR THEY DON'T CARE IF I SPOT THEM. BOTH ARE WEARING VESTS. GUY ON THE LEFT HAS AN ANKLE PIECE, AT LEAST.

GUY ON THE RIGHT SLIPPED UP AND SHOWED HIS HOLSTER WHEN HE CHECKED FOR TRAFFIC.

I CAN TAKE THEM OUT DISCREETLY DOWN HERE. BUT I'D HAVE PREFERRED...

...TO LOSE THEM.

HUH.

SOMEONE UP THERE LIKES ME.

I SHOULD ASK THOR WHO THE GOD OF CONVENIENT CROWDS IS.

THIS WAS EASY.

TOO EASY.

I DON'T WANT TO THINK THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH WHY I'M HERE...

...BUT IF YOU IGNORE ENOUGH COINCIDENCES, YOU END UP DEAD.

THAT'S WHAT NATASHA ALWAYS SAID. IS THAT IRONY? THAT FEELS LIKE IRONY.

EITHER WAY, HERE I AM.

MY GUT TELLS ME THAT ALL OF THIS WAS TO MAKE SURE SOMEONE ELSE COULD GET HERE, TOO.

EMBASSY OF THE
UNITED STATES O

ПОЛИЦИЯ
POLIS

THIS IS A CLASSIC PLAY. CONCENTRATE AND REDIRECT. DRAW ALL OF YOUR ENEMY'S FORCES TOGETHER AND THEN SHIFT THEIR FOCUS WITH A DIVERSION.

NOW ALL THAT'S MISSING IS THAT DIVERSION.

WHOOM

THERE IT IS.

ДИВО

WHOEVER SET ALL OF THIS UP MUST ALREADY BE MAKING THEIR WAY INSIDE.

EMBASSY OF TH
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I HAVE TO GET CLOSER.

ERICA

EMBASSY

OKAY. I GIVE UP. YOU GOT ME.

THAT SHOULD DO IT.

I DON'T HAVE LONG.

IF YOU COULD KEEP THAT ZIP TIE LOOSE, I USE MY HANDS--

OR NOT.

NAT?!

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU GUYS CARE THAT I'VE SAVED THE WORLD A BUNCH OF TIMES, RIGHT?

IT WASN'T NAT.

I SHOULD PROBABLY HAVE LEARNED HOW TO SAY THAT IN YOUR LANGUAGE, I GUESS.

WAS IT?

GOTTA MOVE QUICK...

WHOEVER THAT WAS UP THERE...

...THEY GOT A HEAD START.

OH, GOOD, ANTONE. YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET.

SHE'S NOT HERE YET.

ZARKORR

OGG

KLAGG

RUMMBU

DON'T...

PLEASE! I'M SO SORRY! I ADMIT IT. I WAS IN HYDRA HIGH COMMAND. BUT--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUT SHE'S COMING.

CLICK

OKAY. CALM DOWN, MY LITTLE FASCIST FRIEND. EVERYTHING'S FINE.

AT THE FUNERAL, I KNEW YOU WERE COMING TO KILL ME!

KILL YOU? I CAME HERE TO *SAVE* YOU, PAL.

SORTA.

MOVEMENT IN THE AIR...

SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT...

BRAK BRAK BRAK

NAT WOULDN'T SHOOT AT ME. OR IF SHE DID...

SEE? TOLD YA EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT.

...NAT WOULDN'T MISS.

SORRY ABOUT THIS...

YOU'RE LUCKY I WASN'T AIMING FOR YOUR HEAD OR YOU'D BE--

THUNK

SNAP

@#$%&.

THIS IS A NEW LOW FOR YOU, BARTON.

BUCKY?!

BUCKY BARNES, A.K.A. THE WINTER SOLDIER, A.K.A. THE BEAKER TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S BUNSEN HONEYDEW, A.K.A. FORMER U.S. CHILD SOLDIER TURNED RUSSIAN KILLING MACHINE TURNED UNBELIEVABLY POMPOUS JERK...

OH, AND HE'S *ALSO* NAT'S EX-BOYFRIEND.

I KNOW.

FUNNY THING FOR THE *ASSASSIN* TO SAY, BARNES.

I KINDA HATE BUCKY, TOO.

I DIDN'T TAKE YOU FOR SOMEONE WHO'D BE OKAY WITH KILLING UNARMED MEN.

THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE TO STOP YOU.

I...CAME HERE TO STOP *YOU.*

YOU CAME HERE TO STOP ME FROM *STOPPING* YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?

WHAT ARE *YOU* TALKING ABOUT?

SO YOU'RE NOT HERE TO KILL THIS LITTLE WEASEL...

NO. YOU AREN'T EITHER?

HEY!

I'LL HAPPILY LOCK HIM UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY, BUT I DON'T MURDER. *SOMEONE* HAS BEEN TAKING OUT THESE HYDRA GUYS SINCE THEY SCATTERED, THOUGH.

BUT YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT. YOU'RE HERE FOR THE SAME REASON AS ME.

I HAVE NO *IDEA* WHY YOU'RE HERE, BARTON.

YES, YOU DO.

HER.

NATASHA ROMANOFF IS ALIVE.

THE BLACK WIDOW IS ALIVE?!

SHUT UP, WEASEL.

BARTON, YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.

NO, BUT I *THINK* IT.

YOU *HOPE.* NOT THE SAME THING.

I FOLLOWED EVERY LEAD I COULD FIND, AND THEY LED ME HERE. SAME AS YOU.

YOU'VE SEEN THE SAME PATTERNS, NOTICED THE SAME STYLE TO ALL THESE KILLS. IT'S HER. TELL ME I'M WRONG...

OR, YA KNOW, SAY ANYTHING.

BUCKY?

THE SOVIET ASSASSIN PROGRAM GAVE EACH OF US A UNIQUE SYMBOL. A CALLING CARD.

SOMETHING WE COULD LEAVE AT THE SCENE OF THE KILL TO MAKE SURE WE GOT CREDIT FOR OUR WORK.

COOL HISTORY LESSON, GRANDPA.

THIS ONE IS NATASHA'S.

SO SHE *WAS* HERE?!

WAIT...

...WHY WOULD SHE LEAVE HER CALLING CARD IF SHE DIDN'T KILL ANYONE?

SEMTEX

OH, NO.

OH, NO--

SOR
REN
TIN
O·17

U.S. EMBASSY.
DOVBROTEL, CHERNAYA.

THERE ARE THREE THINGS YOU NEED TO SURVIVE AN EXPLOSION.

THE FIRST IS REFLEX. IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU CAN LEARN. YOU EITHER HAVE IT OR YOU DON'T. YOU HAVE TO MOVE AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.

SECOND IS KNOWLEDGE. IT'S NOT USUALLY THE FLAMES OR SHRAPNEL THAT KILLS YOU. IT'S AIR PRESSURE.

IT BURSTS EARDRUMS, TEARS LIGAMENTS, RUPTURES BOWELS AND COLLAPSES LUNGS. YOU DON'T WANT THAT. PROTECT YOUR HEAD. GO LIMP. DON'T CLENCH. EXHALE.

THE THIRD THING YOU NEED IS THE MOST IMPORTANT, THOUGH.

LUCK. PURE LUCK.

I'VE GOT A LOT OF THAT.

OOOOF!

BUT NO ONE CAN COUNT ON PURE LUCK TO HELP THEM SURVIVE.

UUHHF!

EXCEPT FOR THIS IDIOT.

WELL, THAT SUCKED. YOU OKAY THERE, BUCKY?

WE SHOULD PROBABLY GET OFF THE STREET BEFORE THE POLICE ASK US A BUNCHA QUESTIONS IN A LANGUAGE WE DON'T SPEAK.

I HATE HAWKEYE.

IT'S NOT GOOD TO BE STANDING STILL FOR TOO LONG, BUT WE NEED TO CATCH OUR BREATH AND GET OUR BEARINGS.

IT'S A NICE VIEW IF YOU CAN IGNORE THE WHOLE CIVIL WAR THAT JUST STARTED. YOU BRING ALL YOUR DATES UP HERE?

WE NEED TO LOOK FOR THE QUICKEST WAY OUT OF THE CITY.

I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS.

WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY?

HURKA. IT'S A TRADITIONAL DISH. YOU'LL NEED YOUR STRENGTH.

I BET THIS IS WHAT MAN-THING TASTES LIKE.

FIVE BUCKS IF I CAN HIT THAT TANK DRIVER DOWN THERE.

SO...WE GONNA TALK ABOUT THE FACT THAT NAT'S NOT DEAD?

SHE'S DEAD, CLINT. WE BOTH KNOW THAT.

YOU OWE ME FIVE BUCKS.

WHY ARE YOU LIKE THIS?

CHARMING?

THE BROODING TOUGH-GUY SHTICK.

WHY ARE YOU THE WAY YOU ARE?

I WAS TRAINED AS A CHILD TO BE A KILLER AND SENT OFF TO DO BATTLE WITH EVIL ITSELF.

I WAS BLOWN UP, FROZEN, BRAINWASHED AND FORCED TO KILL FOR MY ENEMIES WHILE ALMOST EVERYONE I CARED ABOUT GREW OLD, FORGOT ME AND DIED.

THAT PROBABLY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.

WHY ARE *YOU?*

MOSTLY FOR ATTENTION.

OKAY, SO WE DON'T ***KNOW*** NAT IS ALIVE. BUT SOMETHING BROUGHT YOU OUT HERE. AND I DON'T THINK YOU'D TRAVEL HALFWAY ACROSS THE WORLD TO PROTECT A BUNCH OF EX-HYDRA BIGWIGS. SO WHAT IS IT?

I CARED ABOUT NATASHA. AND NOW ***SOMEONE*** WANTS PEOPLE TO THINK SHE'S BACK. ***I*** WANT TO KNOW WHY.

WHY DO YOU BELIEVE IT'S ***HER?***

'CUZ PEOPLE LIKE NAT DON'T JUST DIE. I BELIEVE THE WORLD DOESN'T LET STUFF LIKE THAT HAPPEN.

I WISH I BELIEVED THAT.

ALL RIGHT...

...LET'S GO TALK TO SOMEONE WHO MIGHT KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON.

"WAKE UP."

PARKING GARAGE.
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

WHUH? I'M AWAKE. I'M AWAKE.

YOU WERE SNORING.

I DO THAT WHEN I'M AWAKE. DON'T YOU EVER SLEEP, MAN?

NO.

SPIES ALWAYS WANT TO MAKE EVERYTHING SO NEEDLESSLY CLANDESTINE.

THIS ALL SEEM UNNECESSARILY "SPY-ISH" TO YOU?

NO.

LET ME DO THE TALKING.

NO PROBLEM.

HELLO, BOYS.

HELLO, AGENT--

HEY! I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE.

YES, CLINT. I'M AGENT BLEVINS. WE MET A LONG TIME--

BOOM-BOOM! YOU'RE BOOM-BOOM! FROM THE NEW MUTANTS, RIGHT?

=SIGH= NO. SHE WAS MY TEAMMATE. I WAS KNOWN AS SKIDS. NOW PEOPLE CALL ME AGENT BLEVINS, OR JUST SALLY.

YOU LOOK GREAT, SKIDS.

AGENT BLEVINS, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING INTO THE MURDERS OF SOME HIGH-RANKING FORMER HYDRA OPERATIVES. WE WERE HOPING YOU ALL MIGHT HAVE SOME LEADS WE COULD FOLLOW.

EXIT

THERE'S NO "YOU ALL," BARNES. S.H.I.E.L.D. IS DONE.

OBVIOUSLY THE SPY GAMES AREN'T COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM HERE, SKIDS. AND I BET YOU KNOW A WHOLE BUNCHA FOLKS STILL LARPING IT UP AS SUPERSPIES.

MAAAAYBE THERE ARE A FEW AGENTS OUT THERE WHO STILL WANT TO SEE HYDRA GUYS GET KICKED IN THE TEETH. BUT THEY DON'T HAVE ANY LEADS, EITHER.

WHOEVER IS DOING THESE HITS IS GOOD. GOOD IN A WAY WE DON'T EVER SEE ANYMORE. LIKE...***OH.***

WHAT?

THE TWO OF YOU. I GET IT.

GET WHAT?

YOU BOYS AND YOUR CRUSHES. YOU THINK IT'S ***HER.***

NO. THAT'S IDIOTIC...***HE*** THINKS IT IS, THOUGH.

LOOK. I HATE TO BE THIS PERSON...BUT SHE'S DEAD. I'VE SEEN THE BODY.

I JUST WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING.

THEN I'M SORRY I DON'T HAVE MORE ANSWERS FOR YOU. MAYBE THEIR SIDE KNOWS MORE.

IF ANY OF US WERE STILL KEEPING TABS ON HYDRA, WE'D BE SEEING A LOT OF THEIR GUYS GOING EVEN DEEPER UNDERGROUND.

ESPECIALLY AFTER THE FUNERAL INCIDENT, CLINT.

BUT THIS GUY DIDN'T RUN. HE JUST BEEFED UP HIS SECURITY. ASK HIM WHO'S KILLING HIS FRIENDS.

AND BOYS? YOU DIDN'T GET THIS FROM ME.

I GET WHY YOU ALL ALWAYS MAKE THIS STUFF SO CLANDESTINE. IT'S FUN AS HELL.

IT IS.

SHUT UP.

WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT THE "FUNERAL INCIDENT"?

I HAVE NO IDEA.

ANYTHING ABOUT THAT EXCHANGE BOTHER YOU, CLINT?

I WOULD'VE LIKED TO ASK HER WHY THEY THOUGHT IT WAS OKAY TO NAME A SUPER HERO TEAM "*THE NEW MUTANTS.*" WHY?

NO REASON.

IT FELT LIKE SALLY WAS NERVOUS TALKING TO US. LIKE SHE THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT BE WATCHING.

BUT NOBODY COULD HAVE KNOWN WE WERE MEETING HERE.

NO!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY KNEW.

YOU WANT TO SAY IT, OR SHOULD I?

STOP.

OKAY. I WILL. I DON'T THINK NAT'S ON OUR TEAM ANYMORE.

MARINE

NATASHA WOULDN'T DO THIS.

MAYBE BEFORE. BUT SOMETHING HAS--

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HAPPENED YET.

WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

NO BODY YET!

THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM, BARTON.

RESCUE

OH, GOOD TO KNOW. BECAUSE IT ***SEEMS*** TO ME LIKE WE GOT A WOMAN KILLED FOR TALKING WITH US. AND IT ***SEEMS*** LIKE A WOMAN BOTH OF US DATED KILLED HER.

ALSO, IT SEEMS LIKE YOU DON'T GIVE A #$@% ABOUT THE FIRST PART AND ARE IN DENIAL ABOUT THE SECOND. BUT I'M SURE THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT.

WE DON'T KNOW THIS WAS DONE BY THE SAME KILLER WE'RE CHASING. FORMER S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS AND FORMER SUPER HEROES MAKE A LOT OF ENEMIES.

HELL, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT SALLY IS DEAD.

THAT'S A GOOD POINT, NANCY DREW. WE JUST WATCHED HER BLOW UP, FALL THOUSANDS OF FEET AND THEN SINK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE FREEZING HUDSON RIVER. SHE'S PROBABLY FINE.

I'LL BELIEVE SHE'S DEAD WHEN THEY FIND A BODY.

GET THE M.E. ON SITE. WE GOT A BODY DOWN HERE!

@#$%.

SO IF YOU'RE RIGHT AND--

BUCKY.

--IF NATASHA WAS SOMEHOW--

BUCKY!

DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT

MALIBU BEACH 989

WHAT?

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE

BE COOL. 5 O'CLOCK.

THAT WAS YOU "BEING COOL"?! HOW D'YOU EVER GET THE DROP ON ANYONE, MAN?

I ASSUMED SOMEONE HAD A WEAPON.

'SCUSE US! AVENGERS BUSINESS!

ACTION NEWS

YOU THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT AT YOU AND MY RESPONSE WAS "BE COOL"?!

YES.

FAIR ENOUGH.

6:45pm 38°

ACTION NEWS 9

CAR EXPLOSION AT GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

#ACTIONNEWS | SPORTS UPDATE IN 15 MIN | WEEKEND WEATHER FORECAST

WAIT, YOU CAN'T ACTUALLY BELIEVE *THAT'S--*

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY SHE WAS STANDING.

THAT'S *IT?!*

AND SHE CAN DO *THAT.*

HAWKEYE HAS GONE THROUGH ALL OF THIS HOPING NATASHA WAS ALIVE. WISHING FOR IT.

HE'S SEEING THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE.

WHOEVER THIS WOMAN IS, IT CAN'T BE NATASHA.

SEABIRD

WELL...

NATASHA! STOP!

BLAM!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

IT'S AN IMPOSTOR!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?! YOU CAN'T JUST SHOOT AT HER. THAT'S NAT--

POP POP POP POP

MY BAD!

POP

POP

YOU CHECK ON THE PEOPLE IN THE LEAD CAR. I'LL--

BUCKY, WHAT THE HELL?!

WE'VE GOT INJURED CIVILIANS HERE!

IT'S OKAY, MA'AM. YOU'RE GONNA BE FINE.

YOU CAN'T LOSE ME, WHOEVER YOU...

...ARE.

HEY! WE ALMOST GOT THESE PEOPLE KILLED HERE!

YOU'RE STARTING A GUN FIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY HIGHWAY?!

I KNOW YOU THINK SOME ***MYSTERIOUS KILLER*** IS IMPERSONATING NAT, BUT C'MON, MAN!

DAMMIT, NATASHA.

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.

HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU KNOW WHO'D BE ABLE TO LOSE *US?*

IT'S BEEN HOURS. STOP.

AND SHE JUST HAPPENS TO BE AT THE SCENE? AND RUNS FROM US FOR *NO* REASON?

PLEASE STOP.

AND SHE'S GOT LONG RED HAIR?

I WILL *PAY YOU* $10,000 TO STOP.

I'M JUST SAYIN'. IT'S HER.

SKIDS...SALLY WAS RIGHT. WHOEVER LIVES HERE CERTAINLY LIKES THEIR SECURITY. I'VE GOT ONE IN A CAR, TWO ON FOOT PATROLS, TWO IN THE HOUSE AT LEAST.

AND TWO ON THE ROOF. BUT WHY DO WE THINK THIS HYDRA $@#*€% IS GOING TO WANT TO SPEAK WITH US?

BECAUSE WE AREN'T THE PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL HIM.

I HAVE A THEORY GUYS LIKE THIS GET ALONG *BETTER* WITH THE PEOPLE *TRYING* TO KILL THEM. I CALL IT THE *NICK FURY PRINCIPLE.*

WELL, I'M FINE BEING EITHER.

HOW MANY PEOPLE YOU SAY WERE ON THE ROOF?

TWO--OH... I STILL LOVE WATCHING HER WORK.

HER MOVEMENTS ARE OFF.

YOU KNOW, IF WE TAKE OUR TIME, WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ACCIDENTALLY SAVING A HYDRA GUY'S LIFE.

I'M KIDDING.

MOSTLY.

I GOT THE CAR.

SCREEECH

I GOT THE DRIVER.

BANG
BANG

I GUESS WE AREN'T GOING THE STEALTH ROUTE. PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE DISCUSSED THAT.

SMASH

SHE KNOWS WE'RE HERE NOW. LET'S MOVE.

I HATE WORKING WITH OTHER PEOPLE.

LEFT.

BARTON IS GOOD.

VERY GOOD.

GEEZ, MAN. I LET MINE KEEP HIS TEETH, AT LEAST.

BUT HE'S SO ANNOYING.

IT'S NOT LIKE I DON'T RESPECT HIM.

BUT HE'S ALWAYS TAKING THE EASY WAY.

IT'S NOT THAT I THINK HE'S TOO SOFT, EITHER.

HE *IS*, THOUGH.

IT'S JUST THE CONSTANT JOKES. THE HIPSTER PRETENTIOUSNESS. THE SERIAL LACK OF COMMITMENT.

HE COULD BE ONE OF THE BEST. BUT INSTEAD HE WAS THE LEADER OF THE MALIBU BEACH AVENGERS OR WHATEVER.

WHAT'S GOING--

ACTUALLY, MAYBE IT *IS* THAT I DON'T RESPECT HIM.

STAY DOWN.

NATASHA! STOP!

ARRGH!

TAKE IT EASY, NAT!

THIS IS UNEXPECTED.

YELENA?! NO! IT CAN'T BE...

YELENA BELOVA WAS THE SECOND BLACK WIDOW. NATASHA'S REPLACEMENT AFTER SHE JOINED S.H.I.E.L.D.

Слезь с меня, трус.

WHY IS SHE PANICKING LIKE THIS? SHE KNOWS CLINT.

Не может быть! Зимний Солдат?!

Прости что я вас подвела! Не убивай меня, Зимний Солдат.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S SHE SAYING?

"I'M SORRY I FAILED YOU. DON'T KILL ME, WINTER SOLDIER."

SLOWLY.

TAKE IT EASY, BUCKY. SHE'S TERRIFIED.

GOOD. MAKES THIS EASIER.

YELENA, SIT.

CHARMING.

YOU'D PREFER WE MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE ASSASSIN, HAWKEYE?

I MEAN, I'M *ALREADY* SORTA FRIENDS WITH HER.

OR I WAS WHEN SHE REMEMBERED WHO I WAS.

WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR, ANYWAY?

I'LL KNOW WHEN I SEE IT.

FOUND SOMETHING.

WHAT IS IT?

REALLY, DUDE?

OH, *I'M SORRY.* WE CAN TAKE HER HOSTAGE IN HER OWN HOME AND TERRORIZE HER, BUT DON'T DARE TOUCH HER LEFTOVERS. GOT IT.

WHAT'D YOU FIND, MISS MANNERS?

YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CHEW, RIGHT? SO GROSS.

ANYWAY. HER RUSSIAN PASSPORT. SHE WAS OVERSEAS AND ARRIVED HERE AFTER CHERNAYA WENT DOWN.

WHUH DUH THUH MEAH?

IT MEANS IT *COULD* HAVE BEEN YELENA IN CHERNAYA, BUT HER PASSPORT WASN'T STAMPED...PLEASE STOP SLURPING.

WELL, WHETHER OR NOT IT WAS HER THAT ALMOST KILLED US OVER THERE, SHE GENUINELY DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW WHO WE ARE NOW. OR REMEMBER THE LAST FEW YEARS AT ALL.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT INFORMATION WE'LL REALLY BE ABLE TO GET FROM HER.

OH, MAN. USE A GLASS.

I'M GONNA.

I HAVE WAYS OF GETTING INFORMATION FROM HER.

WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN?

WAIT, REALLY. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, BUCKY?

LOWFAT MILK 2%

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING, *HUH?* LIKE GOING TO RUSSIA A WEEK AGO?

I'M RUSSIAN.

NO, YELENA. YOU LIVE *HERE.*

WINTER SOLDIER, WE BOTH KNOW WE DON'T ***TRULY*** LIVE HERE.

OKAY. WE'RE DONE.

WE ARE?

SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE.

CLEARANCE 10" 5'

CLEARANCE 1

PARK

1

THAT WAS IT? THAT WAS YOUR BIG PLAY?

YES.

WE BRING HER BACK TO HER HOUSE, ASK HER A SINGLE QUESTION, HAVE HER NOT ANSWER IT AT ALL, AND THEN WE LEAVE?

YES.

THIS IS GOING GREAT.

BOBBI WAS RIGHT. YOU *ARE* BAD AT THIS STUFF.

YEAH...WELL... YA KNOW...STEVE WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU...BEING A HUGE--

HERE SHE COMES.

DON'T LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT.

I KNOW.

BREAD

SHE'S GONNA BOLT!

7Avenue Sta

NYC

YOU TAKE THE RIGHT, I'LL GO LEFT!

BANG

RUN!

SOMEONE'S SHOOTING!

MOVE IT!

OOF!

BUCKY! GET DOWN HERE!

HAWKEYE! I NEED BACKUP NOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

ARE YOU SERIOUS RIGHT NOW?

I JUST LOST MY GUN.

DON'T I LOOK SERIOUS?

YOU ALWAYS LOOK THE SAME.

SOMEONE STOLE IT.

WELL, IT'S NEW YORK, MAN. THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

WE HAVE TO GO AFTER WHOEVER TOOK IT.

NO...

...WE'VE GOT ANOTHER PROBLEM DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW.

SHE'S DEAD.

I SEE THAT.

YOU SEEM REALLY #@%€*$ AT PEACE WITH THE FACT THAT THAT'S A WOMAN WE BOTH KNOW DOWN THERE.

I'M *UPSET*, CLINT.

BUT I'M ALSO NOT ABOUT TO LOSE MY HEAD WHILE WE'RE ON A *MISSION*.

THE MISSION. RIGHT.

WELL, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU, MAN. MISSION IS GOING *EXACTLY* AS YOU PLANNED IT SO FAR. SHE *DID* GO SEE SOMEONE.

BUT THAT SOMEONE *KILLED* HER. WAS *THAT* IN YOUR PLAN?

NO.

OKAY, SUPER-SPY, WHAT NOW?

WE LEAVE BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE.

THAT'S IT?

I DON'T HAVE ONE OF YOUR AVENGER *"GET OUT OF JAIL FREE"* CARDS. BESIDES, OUR ONLY LEAD WAS JUST KILLED...

"...SO UNLESS YOU KNOW SOME HOLE WHERE SOMEONE FROM THE OLD RED ROOM IS HIDING, I THINK WE'RE AT A DEAD END FOR NOW, CLINT."

"ACTUALLY, I MIGHT..."

THE TOMB.
A MAXIMUM-SECURITY SUPER-PRISON.

MR. BARTON. A PLEASURE, AS ALWAYS.

IT'S BEEN A BIT, HASN'T IT?

HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ANYONE IN...A VERY LONG TIME. NOT SURE WHAT YOU'RE HOPING FOR HERE, CLINT.

I LIKE A CHALLENGE.

"...AND I DON'T CARE IF HE TURNS UP DEAD RIGHT AFTER WE TALK."

RODION STESHENKO. MY NAME IS CLINT BARTON. I HAVE A COUPLE QUESTIONS ABOUT THE RED ROOM AND I WAS HOPING YOU'D HELP ME WITH THEM.

GUG #$E@ YUUFUF.

SORRY, NOT SURE I CAUGHT THAT.

GO #$E@ YOURSELF!

OH, YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID.

SORRY IF THE SUNLIGHT IS TOO BRIGHT. I GUESS THEY DON'T LET YOU OUT OF THAT HOLE THEY KEEP YOU IN TOO MUCH, DO THEY?

I CAN GET YOU TRANSFERRED, YA KNOW. I'M AN AVENGER.

AND WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT FOR ME, ***AVENGER?***

WELL, FOR STARTERS, I THINK PROLONGED SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IS TORTURE. AND, UNLIKE YOU, I'M NOT REALLY A FAN OF ***MY*** GOVERNMENT TORTURING PEOPLE.

BUT ALSO BECAUSE I KNOW YOU ARE GOING TO HELP ME.

YOU'VE HAD ME LOCKED IN THAT ***PIT*** OF YOURS FOR ELEVEN YEARS AND I HAVEN'T SPOKEN A WORD. YOU THINK I AM GOING TO BREAK NOW FOR A LITTLE SUNLIGHT?

THAT AND ***PROTECTION,*** YEAH.

PROTECTION? FROM ***WHAT?***

WELL...I MIIIIIGHT HAVE LET THE RUSSIANS THINK YOU WERE ALREADY COOPERATING. AND THEY MIIIIIIIGHT BE PISSED.

THAT'S $#%#$@€.

YEAH. I'M PROBABLY LYING. I'M A BIG OL' LIAR. OH, WELL. HAD TO TRY.

WHAT DO YOU KEEP STARING OUT THE WINDOW FOR, AVENGER?

OH, SORRY. I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO THIS *GUY* IS. I SAW HIM A FEW MILES FROM HERE.

HE'S GOT THIS GREASY LONG HAIR. IT'S CALLED SHAMPOO, DUDE. AND HE SORT OF HAS THIS EXPRESSION LIKE A WET HOUSECAT. AND THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT HIS ARM.

HIS ARM...?

BOZHE MOI! IT'S THE WINTER SOLDIER. HOW CAN HE STILL BE ALIVE?

HMM... THAT'S BAD, RIGHT?

YOU HAVE TO ALERT THE GUARDS!
OF WHAT?
HE IS THE DEADLIEST SOVIET ASSASSIN.
THAT GUY? REALLY?
OH. HE JUST ENTERED THE BUILDING.
GET ME OUT OF HERE!
AND HAVE THE "*WINDY SOLDIER*" HUNTING ***ME?*** NO THANKS.
PLEASE! HELP ME. I'LL DO ANYTHING.
LIIIIIKE...TELL ME THE NAMES OF ANY RED ROOM HANDLERS YOU KNOW OPERATING INSIDE THE UNITED STATES?
I DON'T KNOW NAMES.
TOO BAD.
I'VE BEEN IN HERE FOR YEARS. PLEASE... ***WAIT!*** ALEXANDER CADY. HE WAS OUR MAN IN NEW YORK.
IS HE STILL?
I DON'T KNOW. I HAVE NO CONTACT WITH ANYONE HERE. ***PLEASE.*** WE HAVE TO GO.
THAT'S ***IT?*** ONE GUY FROM A ***DECADE*** AGO?
PLEASE. IT'S ALL I KNOW. OH, GOD--
SORRY I'M LATE. THE VENDING MACHINE DIDN'T HAVE CHOCOLATE MILK, CLINT, SO I GOT YOU A WATER.
NOT REALLY THE SAME THING, IS IT?

SECOND AVENUE.

I LOVE STAKEOUTS.

THIS ISN'T A STAKEOUT.

DON'T RUIN IT. I FEEL LIKE THINGS ARE JUST TURNING AROUND FOR US. THE LAST GUY WE TALKED TO STILL ISN'T DEAD. WE HAVE A REAL LEAD. I COULD GET USED TO HAVING A SIDEKICK.

YOU THINK I'M *YOUR* SIDEKICK?

I MEAN... YOU'RE THE WORLD'S SECOND MOST FAMOUS SIDEKICK. SO, YEAH.

SECOND?

WELL, YEAH. ROBIN.

WHO THE $#%@ IS ROBIN?

SOMEONE LIT A FIRE INSIDE BUT THERE'S NO MOVEMENT.

I'M NOT 100 PERCENT SURE THAT CRAZY OLD GUY WAS THE MOST RELIABLE SOURCE. WE SHOULD HAVE SOME KIND OF PLAN BEFORE WE JUST KNOCK ON A RANDOM DOOR...

...OR KICK IT IN.

ALEXANDER CADY? WE HAVE SOME QUESTIONS.

I'M NOT SURE ANYONE'S HERE.

SEEMS LIKE WHOEVER LIT THIS LEFT IN A HURRY.

HEY, SIDEKICK? REMEMBER WHEN I SAID THINGS WERE GOING WELL? I TAKE THAT BACK.

CADY'S DEAD. BUT ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, I THINK WE FOUND YOUR GUN.

THIS WEEK HAS PRODUCED THE MOST DEAD BODIES I'VE FOUND IN A *VERY* LONG TIME.

YEAH. THERE *HAVE* BEEN A LOT.

NOT A FAN.

HEY, EXPLAIN THOSE RED ROOM MARKS TO ME AGAIN.

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU DON'T EVER LISTEN.

IN CERTAIN TYPES OF MISSIONS, AGENTS LEAVE A UNIQUE IDENTIFYING MARK AT THE SCENE SO THAT TRAINED EYES CAN CONFIRM THEY DID THEIR JOB AFTER THE FACT. IT'S FOR CREDIT INSIDE THE RED ROOM.

NO... THAT'S MINE.

SO, SOMEONE IS LEAVING NATASHA'S CALLING CARD AGAIN, *HUH?*

AWOOO AWOOO

SIRENS ARE MY CUE. THE NYPD MAY NOT BE COOL FINDING ME STANDING OVER A DEAD BODY.

KILLED WITH YOUR GUN. IN A HOUSE YOU BROKE INTO. WHERE SOMEONE LEFT YOUR CALLING CARD.

YEAH. ALL OF THAT.

MOTEL
HIGH SPEED
INTERNET
VACANCY

MOTEL BOSS.
TREMONT, NEW YORK.

YOU KNOW THIS THING YOU'RE DOING, IT'S NOT A REAL THING. IT'S JUST WHAT CRAZY PEOPLE DO IN MOVIES.

I'M TRYING TO DECODE THE LEDGER I FOUND IN CADY'S FIREPLACE.

THEN MAKE A SPREADSHEET OR SOMETHING. YOU'RE GIVING ME THE CREEPS.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A SPREADSHEET IS, DO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT. I'M A SUPER HERO. DO YOU?

...NO.

I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE, THOUGH.

THE CODE IN HERE SEEMS TO BE AN ***EARLIER*** VERSION OF WHAT THEY USED WHEN I WAS IN THE PROGRAM.

SO YOU FOUND OLD STUFF?

OR WE'RE DEALING WITH SOME EARLIER INCARNATION OF THE RED ROOM HERE. MAYBE SOME ROGUE FACTION BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE?

CAN'T ANYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE EVER STAY DEAD?

BESIDES US...

...AND ALL THE PEOPLE WE'VE INADVERTENTLY GOTTEN KILLED. I FEEL BAD ABOUT THEM.

C'MON.

BUT... *BRITISH BAKE OFF* IS NEXT.

I'M LEAVING.

YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE A SHOWER FIRST? WASH YOUR HAIR, MAYBE?

THEY HAVE *A LOT* OF PORN. WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

IT'S A SAFE HOUSE FOR RED ROOM AGENTS. AND YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE WRONG BUILDING.

OH, THANK GOD. I DID NOT WANT TO FIGHT WHOEVER LIVES IN *THAT* APARTMENT.

SO, IS *THIS* A STAKEOUT?

YEAH. THIS IS A STAKEOUT.

GOOD. I WAS STARTING TO FEEL--

DOOF

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME FOR ME!

ORPHAN MAKER! WAIT!

ANYA, WE JUST WANT TO TALK.

"TALK," WINTER SOLDIER? LIKE YOU TALKED TO CADY OR BELOVA?

WE DIDN'T TOUCH THEM. WE CAME HERE HOPING TO STOP WHOEVER *DID.* AND WE FOUND *YOU.*

LIAR! I HAVE NOT KILLED ANYONE IN YEARS, YOU FECKLESS COWARD!

NOT THE MOST CONFIDENCE-INSPIRING STATEMENT.

SHOULD I SHOOT HER?

BUCKY... DO YOU WANT ME TO SHOOT HER?

HELLO?

CAN WE ALL HOLD ON FOR A SECOND?!

I *KNEW* YOU, WINTER SOLDIER. I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D *EVER* COME FOR ME.

I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING.

THE RED ROOM IS COLLECTING ITS DEBTS.

BUT YOU *ARE* FROM THE RED ROOM, RIGHT?

I WAS. BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW, THERE IS A WAR. AND THE RED ROOM THAT HAS EMERGED? IT IS CLEANING UP ALL COMPETITION. HYDRA. S.H.I.E.L.D. EVEN FORMER RED ROOM AGENTS.

IT IS THE WORK OF--

BANG

HELLO, BOYS.

SOR
REY
TIN
O.17

A MONTH AGO.

IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR DAYS. I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO WAKE UP YET.

THEN I REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.

I WAS FIGHTING CAPTAIN AMERICA. HE KILLED ME.

=GASP=

BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW.

MY TRAINING COMES BACK LIKE REFLEX. GRASPING FOR SITUATIONAL AWARENESS IS MUSCLE MEMORY.

OKAY. THINK, NATASHA. GO THROUGH THE QUESTIONS.

WHERE AM I? WHY? HOW DID I GET HERE? WHAT IS THE FASTEST WAY OUT?

AND WHY IS THERE A BEAR HERE?

YOU ARE ON A BEACH. THEY PUT YOU HERE BECAUSE IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE CALMING. TWO MEN CARRIED YOU TO IT. THE FASTEST WAY OUT IS TO JUST SAY YOU WANT TO LEAVE.

AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE. *SHHH.*

AFTER A TRAUMA, THEY SAY IT'S BEST TO GO TO A...***HAPPY*** PLACE. AND YOU SUFFERED QUITE THE TRAUMA, DEAR.

SOMEONE TOLD THEM AN EMPTY ISLAND WITH NO PEOPLE WAS YOUR HAPPY PLACE. I UNDERSTAND THIS.

I DIED.

YOU DID.

STEVE. STEVE ***KILLED*** ME.

YES AND NO. IT IS... ***COMPLICATED.***

SO THIS IS...WHAT? HELL?

SHAME ON YOU, NATASHA ROMANOFF. ***BEARS*** DON'T GO TO ***HELL.***

THINK. YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS.

...THE RED ROOM.

THEY HAVE WAYS OF BRINGING YOU BACK.

SO IT'S REAL? I DIED? I CLEARLY REMEMBER WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO DIE.

THAT WOULD BE MY FAULT.

WHAT THIS IS...WHAT ***THEY*** HAVE BECOME. IT'S NOT ***RIGHT.*** JUST BECAUSE YOU BRING SOMEONE BACK TO LIFE DOESN'T MEAN YOU ***OWN*** THAT LIFE.

"BUT YOU MUSTN'T LET THEM KNOW YOU KNOW."

<GOOD MORNING, MS. ROMANOFF. I'M ALEXANDER CADY. I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE OUR LITTLE HOLOGRAPHIC ROOM. YOU MUST HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR US. IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME...?*

*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.

<URSA MAJOR? YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE.?
<APOLOGIES, COMRADE CADY. I GET LOST SO EASILY THESE DAYS.?
<SO... THE BEAR WAS REAL?>
<UNFORTUNATELY. YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE GREAT SOVIET HERO URSA MAJOR?>
<ALL BEARS LOOK ALIKE TO ME.?
<DON'T TELL *HIM* THAT.?
<GREETINGS, NATASHA. SO NICE TO HAVE YOU BACK AT THE RED ROOM.?
<I DON'T KNOW THESE MEN. OR YOU.?
<SOME THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE LAST TIME YOU WERE HERE. IT HAS BEEN A WHILE SINCE...YOUR LAST OPERATION.?
<WHAT *HAPPENED* TO ME?>
<YOU WERE INJURED ON A MISSION AND HAVE BEEN RECUPERATING HERE, BECAUSE THE RED ROOM IS LOYAL TO ITS OWN. BUT YOU ARE RECOVERED NOW.?
<AND YOU ARE STILL LOYAL TO THE RED ROOM, YES?>
<OF COURSE, COMRADE.?
<GOOD...?

"<...THEN WE HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU NOW.>

"<HYDRA AND S.H.I.E.L.D. HAVE DISMANTLED EACH OTHER.>

"<OUR ENEMIES ARE VULNERABLE.>

"<IT IS TIME FOR US TO FINISH THEM.>"

SEMTEX

THE RED ROOM.
WEEKS LATER.

<THE MOVE WENT SMOOTHLY, BUT I STILL DO NOT LIKE IT HERE.>

<YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT AT *HOME.*>

<AT LEAST AT HOME I COULD GET DECENT *VARENIKI.* I'M GOING TO REQUEST A TRANSFER AS SOON AS I CAN. THEY CAN SEND ME ANYWHERE WARM.>

NO...

THIS IS...*THIS* IS WHAT I AM? THEY REMADE ME?

0930X-9

NATASHA 0930X-7

BUT I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

YELENA 671590

YELENA 671590

ANYA 671532

YELENA...ANYA... I'M SO SORRY, MY SISTERS-IN-ARMS.

WHY CAN I REMEMBER EVERYTHING SO CLEARLY? MY FAMILY...THE WARS...

BOZHE MOI!

<I REMEMBER.>

WHAT?

<I REMEMBER WHAT YOU DO NOT. I REMEMBER-->

<IMPRESSIVE, ISN'T HE?>

<WELL, MAYBE NOT ON THE SURFACE. BUT HE *IS* A WONDER.>

<WHO IS HE?>

<YURGEI IVANOV. CODENAME EPSILON RED. OUR PSYCHIC PATRIOT.>

<HE IS THE HEART OF ALL OF THIS. THESE WOMEN, HE GIVES THEM THEIR MEMORIES.>

<THESE ARE *WOMEN* TO YOU?>

<WHY NOT? BECAUSE THEY ARE BORN IN A LAB? BECAUSE THEIR GENES ARE...BORROWED? WE LIVE IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCIENTIFIC POSSIBILITY, NATASHA. BIRTH. *DEATH.* THAT IS NOT WHAT DEFINES US AS HUMAN ANYMORE.>

<SURELY YOU HAVE COME ACROSS PEOPLE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE THOUGH SCIENCE, THROUGH MYSTICISM. HOW IS THIS DIFFERENT?>

<THESE "*WOMEN*" HAVE NOT LIVED LIVES.>

<YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT MEMORIES? ELECTRICAL IMPULSES STORED IN THE BRAIN? THAT IS WHAT *HE* IS FOR.>

<IF EVER, GOD FORBID, SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO YOU, YURGEI HERE CAN GIVE YOUR NEW BODY ALL YOUR MEMORIES. OR JUST THE ONES YOU WANT, EVEN.>

<IF SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN...>

<GOD FORBID.>

<BUT ALAS, I DO NOT WANT TO EVEN *THINK* ABOUT HOW YOU GAINED ACCESS TO THIS PART OF OUR FACILITY.>

<I WANTED TO SEE KNOW HOW THE RED ROOM WAS OPERATING THESE DAYS. SO *THIS* IS THE FUTURE OF OUR PROGRAM, YES?>

<NO. IT IS NOT.>

<THERE WAS A DARK TIME WHEN THIS SEEMED LIKE THE FUTURE. BUT THANKFULLY, THINGS HAVE TURNED AROUND AGAIN. WE LOOK FORWARD BY LOOKING TO OUR GLORIOUS PAST.>

<YOU REMEMBER THIS, DON'T YOU, NATASHA?>

<HELLO, CHILDREN. WE HAVE A SPECIAL GUEST INSTRUCTOR TODAY. MISS ROMANOFF IS HERE TO GIVE YOU ALL AN IMPORTANT LESSON.>

<I AM?>

<PLEASE TEACH THE CHILDREN THE PROPER WAY TO EXECUTE A PRISONER.>

BEARS ILLUSTRATED

BANG BANG BANG

<YOU TOLD ME THAT IT WAS YOUR FAULT I COULD REMEMBER MY WHOLE LIFE. MY *DEATH*. WHY?>

<BY ALL MEANS, COME IN.>

<WHY?>

<LIKE I SAID, YOU DESERVE TO KNOW WHAT YOU BECAME. YOU WERE SOMETHING MORE THAN THIS. YOU WERE A *HERO*.>

<I COULDN'T STOP THEM FROM GIVING YOU BACK YOUR LIFE. BUT I *COULD* STOP THEM FROM ERASING THE GOOD PARTS.>

<HOW DID YOU GIVE ME MY MEMORIES BACK?>

<YURGEI. EPSILON RED. WHEN THE RED ROOM REFORMED, HE WAS... RECOMMISSIONED. HE BECAME A PRISONER HERE, TOO. LIKE ME... LIKE *YOU*.>

<HE HAS A PSYCHIC BOND WITH ALL OF THE WIDOWS, ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T KNOW IT. HE STORES THEIR MEMORIES IN HIS OWN, LIKE A BANK. AND WHEN ONE OF YOU DIES...THE RED ROOM MAKES A WITHDRAWAL.>

<I SIMPLY... BRIBED HIM TO BREAK PROTOCOL. GIVE BACK EVERYTHING.>

<BRIBED HIM WITH WHAT?>

...

<MY FUR. HE LOVES MY FUR. I LET HIM PET ME.>

<IS THIS THE FIRST TIME I'VE DIED?>

<WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE NOW?>

...

SO YOU... YOU WANT ME TO DESTROY THIS?

WE SWITCH TO ENGLISH. OKAY.

I LOVE MY COUNTRY. I LOVE RUSSIA. I DEFEND IT WITH HONOR.

BUT THIS? I AM A PRISONER WHERE I WAS ONCE A SOLDIER.

NO FREEDOM EVEN IN DEATH, IT WOULD SEEM. NO HONOR.

SO, YES. I WANT YOU TO DESTROY THIS PLACE. ALL OF IT. I WANT YOU TO DESTROY *US*.

WHAT IF I HAVE A BETTER PLAN?

FOUR DAYS LATER.

<THE OPERATION IN CHERNAYA WAS A SUCCESS. WITH THE DEATH OF AMBASSADOR ANTONE, BOTH U.S. AND HYDRA INFLUENCE IN THE REGION WAS WEAKENED ENOUGH TO ALLOW GENERAL PETROV'S COUP TO TAKE ROOT QUICKLY.>

<BARRING ANY COMPLICATIONS, PETROV'S REGIME WILL BE RECOGNIZED BY THE U.N. AND BECOME A POWERFUL ALLY FOR US IN THE REGION.>

CLICK

<NEXT SLIDE.>

<BUT THERE WAS ONE COMPLICATION.>

<ONE OF OUR AGENTS, THE WINTER SOLDIER, HAS GONE ROGUE. HE HAS TEAMED UP WITH AN AMERICAN SUPER HERO CALLED HAWKEYE. THEY ARE HUNTING *YOU*, BLACK WIDOW.>

<AM I TO KILL THEM?>

<NEXT.>

<IF POSSIBLE, YES. WE CANNOT RISK THEM FINDING US.>

<BUT WE ALSO CANNOT RISK YOU BEING CAPTURED. THAT IS WHY YOUR INITIAL TARGET WILL BE THIS WOMAN. SALLY BLEVINS. ANOTHER AMERICAN SUPER HERO PLAYING SPY. KILL HER.>

<SHE IS A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT?>

<YES. IS THAT A *PROBLEM?*>

NYET.

IT'S A PUZZLE.

<I WANT HER TO REMEMBER NOTHING...?

YOU SPEND HOURS STARING AT PIECES THAT DON'T FIT.

<THESE YELENAS...THEY ARE BLANK. WHAT GOOD ARE THEY?>

I'M SORRY, YELENA.

NATASHA?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

I NEED YOU TO DISAPPEAR.

YOU SPEND HOURS STARING AT PIECES THAT DON'T FIT.

HELLO, SALLY BLEVINS.

HMM. I JUST TOLD SOMEONE YOU WERE DEAD.

YOU LIED.

SOMETIMES YOU ARE TEMPTED TO GET RID OF THE PIECES THAT CAUSE YOU PROBLEMS.

WHAT GAME ARE YOU PLAYING, NATASHA?

ONE THAT YOU ARE LUCKY TO NOT BE A PART OF ANYMORE.

SOMETIMES YOU CAN FORCE THEM IN WHERE YOU NEED THEM WITHOUT ANYONE NOTICING.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! WHY WOULD YOU KILL YELENA?

TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.

BUT SOME PIECES ARE MORE STUBBORN THAN OTHERS.

<WHY AM I DOING THIS?>

<BECAUSE I WAS SLOPPY. THEY SAW ME ON THE BRIDGE. I NEED YOU TO MAKE THEM DOUBT THAT IT WAS *ME*.>

SLOWLY A PICTURE TAKES SHAPE.

OH, BOYS. HOW I LOVE WATCHING YOU WORK.

WHAT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE BECOMES EASY.

<CALM DOWN, YELENA. THEY JUST LET YOU GO? MEET ME IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. YOU KNOW WHERE.>

YOU SEE EXACTLY WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

BANG

...AND THOSE FINAL PIECES FALL INTO PLACE, SHOWING YOU WHAT WAS IN FRONT OF YOU ALL ALONG.

NATASHA...?

COMRADE CADY. I NEEDED TO SEE YOU.

<STUPID LITTLE GIRL! YOU *SAID* THEY WOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM! YOU *ASSURED* US YOU COULD HANDLE IT!>

<WHAT HAPPENED?>

<THE WINTER SOLDIER! HE *KILLED* COMRADE CADY IN HIS NEW YORK APARTMENT TWO DAYS AGO. HE *KILLED* HIM!>

<I *KNEW* MOVING THE OPERATION TO AMERICA WAS A BAD IDEA... I *TOLD* HIM.>

<OH, MY... WHAT DO WE DO?>

<WHO *KNOWS* HOW CLOSE HE COULD BE GETTING. HE COULD BE ON HIS WAY NOW. WE ARE ENACTING HIBERNATION PROTOCOLS.>

<WHAT?>

<THIS FACILITY WILL BE DISMANTLED. ALL ACTIVE AGENTS GO TO GROUND. THE TRAINEES WILL BE TERMINATED. AND WE RETURN HOME.>

<NO. I CAN STOP HIM.>

'AND JUST LIKE THAT, I GET MY CHANCE.

NOW.

HELLO, BOYS.

I HATE DOING THIS TO THEM. THE DUMB LOOKS ON THEIR FACES...

NAT, WHAT THE $%@?!

WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU NEED TO TALK TO US RIGHT NOW.

NATASHA, IT'S US. WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS. WE WANT TO HELP YOU. BUT WE NEED YOU TO PUT THE GUN DOWN, OKAY?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED, BUT EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE--

BUT THEY MADE THINGS SO COMPLICATED.

NOW, CLINT!

CLINT... A LITTLE HELP?

HAWKEYE! SNAP *OUT* OF IT! SHE'S GONNA *KILL* ME IN A SECOND IF YOU DON'T STOP HER!

HEY!

SNAP

I COULDN'T TAKE THE SHOT.

I NOTICED.

IT'S REALLY HER.

YEAH. IT IS.

CLINT, SLOW DOWN!

THINK. SHE HAD THE *DROP* ON US. WHY WOULD SHE RUN IN HERE WHEN SHE COULD--

SHHH.

SCRTCH SCRTCH

CAREFUL.

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING. NAT, IF YOU'RE IN THIS ROOM, DON'T KILL US.

REAL GOOD, CLINT.

IT'S OKAY. SHE'S NOT IN THIS WEIRD... BUNKER?

IT'S A PANIC ROOM. EVERY RED ROOM SAFE HOUSE HAS THEM.

=SCRTCH= I'M SORRY IT HAD TO COME TO THIS, BOYS.

NO!

NATASHA, DON'T DO THIS!

KRRNCH

I GUESS *THIS* IS WHY SHE'D RUN IN--

PLEASE SHUT THE @$%# UP.

I TRIED TO WARN YOU.

YOU BOYS ARE ALWAYS IN THE WAY, THOUGH. MAYBE THIS IS FOR THE BEST...

+00000

<...YOU WOULDN'T LIKE WHAT COMES NEXT.>

HERE LIES
NATASHA
ROMANOF

A RED ROOM COMMAND FACILITY.
WESTCHESTER, NY.

<HAWKEYE AND THE WINTER SOLDIER ARE DEAD.>*

<MOST IMPRESSIVE, NATASHA. WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING THE ASTOUNDING WORK YOU'VE BEEN DOING FOR US RECENTLY. AND WITH THE...***PASSING*** OF COMRADE CADY, IT SEEMS ONLY RIGHT TO PROMOTE YOU TO TAKE HIS PLACE.>

*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.

<LET THESE TROPHIES BE THE FIRST OF MANY THINGS YOU BRING TO THE RED ROOM AS A NEW ***COMMANDER.***>

<NO. THESE ARE FOR MY ***PERSONAL*** COLLECTION, COMRADE USENKO.>

<AND I AM HONORED. I WOULD LIKE TO CONTINUE COMRADE CADY'S WORK WITH THE YOUNG GIRLS IN THE ASSASSINS PROGRAM.>

<THAT ROLE HAS ALREADY BEEN FILLED BY COMRADE GUNIN. BUT I'M SURE HE COULD USE THE INSIGHT OF SOMEONE AS SKILLED AS YOURSELF.>

<YES. IT WOULD BE AN HONOR TO WORK WITH YOU...>

CCCP

"<...THE KILLER OF *THE WINTER SOLDIER* AND *HAWKEYE.*>"

I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE ALMOST BLEW US UP.

SHE *DID.*

THE PANIC ROOM OF A DESTROYED RED ROOM SAFEHOUSE.

WESTCHESTER, NY.

CCCP

<CHILDREN, SAY HELLO TO YOUR NEW CO-INSTRUCTOR, COMRADE ROMANOFF. WHAT SHE SAYS, YOU DO. UNDERSTOOD?>

<EYES. THROAT. GENITALS. AGAINST A LARGER ASSAILANT, THESE ARE YOUR FIRST TARGETS.>

PRETTY CRAPPY THAT WE SPENT ALL THIS TIME LOOKING FOR HER ONLY TO HAVE HER TRY TO KILL US.

IF NATASHA... *HRRR*...REALLY WANTED US DEAD...*HRRR*...WE'D BE DEAD NOW.

WE'RE PRETTY CLOSE.

WE'RE JUST *TRAPPED.* THIS IS PART OF HER PLAN... SOMEHOW.

<SINCE YOU DO NOT LISTEN, YOU DO NOT TRAIN TODAY!>

<IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. ALL THAT ANGER YOU FEEL RIGHT NOW? HOLD ONTO IT.>

THERE'S AN AIR DUCT.

IF THIS WORKS, I WON'T BE STUCK LISTENING TO YOU ***BROOD*** ANYMORE.

AND IF IT DOESN'T?

WELL, SAME, I GUESS.

<WE HAVE A ***SYSTEM!*** YOU ***KNOW*** THIS. THEY ARE LOYAL TO US BECAUSE THEY ***FEAR*** US. THAT FEAR IS WHAT KEEPS THEM IN LINE.>

<WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE LITTLE GIRLS NO LONGER HAVE ANYTHING TO FEAR?>

HEY, LEFTY. YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET UNDER HERE.

BOOM

<@#$% THIS AND @#$% YOU, BLACK WIDOW.>

<NOW... WHERE WERE WE?>

I HATE THIS PLAN.

YOU'RE A SKINNY LI'L DUDE WITHOUT YOUR SCARY-ASS ROBOT ARM. YOU PROBABLY WON'T GET STUCK.

AND YOU'RE, YA KNOW... NATURALLY GREASY.

UP AND AT 'EM, BARTON. TIME TO GET TO WORK.

WOW. WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THIS ROOM WAS DOWN HERE.

I HAVE A TRACKING DEVICE IN MY BOW. WE CAN FIND NAT, ASSUMING SHE DIDN'T JUST DUMP IT.

AND ASSUMING YOU DIDN'T KILL YOUR PHONE BATTERY PLAYING *TETRIS*.

THAT, TOO.

...

<WE TURN OUR BEST AGENT INTO A COMMANDER AND NOW *ALL SHE DOES IS STUDY?*>

<I HAVE A LOT TO CATCH UP ON.>

<BUT NOW YOU TAKE A BREAK. COME WITH ME.>

THIS IS IT.

<ambition like this creates unnecessary risks that we can't *afford*. natasha is new to the leadership-->

SMASH

boom-boom! you're not dead!

are you $#%@€ kidding me, robin hood?

<enough!>

<we need to be *more* aggressive. hydra. s.h.i.e.l.d. a.i.m. all are at the weakest they have ever been in our lifetimes.>

skids, what is...where is natasha?

dunno. she can't be staying too far from here, because she pops in a lot.

but this is just some stash house where she keeps random stuff. your bow. his arm...*me*.

umm... is that why there's a bear in here?

<%$@#>

<we have our enemies exactly where we want them.>

<THIS OPERATION EXISTS--*HAS* EXISTED--EXACTLY BECAUSE OF THIS DISCRETION THAT YOU--?

<PUT IT ON THE MONITOR.?

<PARDON THE INTERRUPTION, BUT WE HAVE A SITUATION AT THE FRONT GATE, COMRADES.?

<WHAT THE HELL?>

<I'M SORRY, NATASHA. THEY WERE GOING TO KILL ME.?

<YOU SAID THEY WERE DEAD!?

BANG

IDIOTS.

BANG BANG

BANG BANG

<HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?!>

BANG

<ATTENTION! NATASHA ROMANOFF, THE BLACK WIDOW, HAS BETRAYED US. I REPEAT--WE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY THE BLACK WIDOW.>

WHERE WOULD SHE BE, URSA MAJOR?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? SHE IS A HUMAN WOMAN. SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE.

<I REPEAT-- WE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY THE BLACK WIDOW.>

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

SO...SHE JUST KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE.

YUP.

YOU WANT TO PICK A DOOR OR SHOULD I?

I PICK THIS ONE.

WHAT THE... ARE WE IN THE WRONG...WHOSE NIGHTMARE IS THIS?

HEEEEY, LITTLE GIRL. WE'RE LOOKING FOR OUR FRIEND.

CLINT, WAIT...

THEY'RE BALLERINAS, BUCKY. ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE NUTCRACKER OR--

OOOF!

THAT ONE WAS MY FAULT. I ASKED FOR THAT. LITTLE BARYSHNIKOV GOT ME GOOD.

BARYSHNIKOV IS A MAN.

ARE WE DOING THIS?

IN WHAT DAVID LYNCH UNIVERSE DO YOU THINK I'M FIGHTING THESE EVIL LITTLE--

SO WE...?

RUN!

C'MON! THIS WAY! AND WHERE'S OUR BEAR?!

IF THEY START BREAKING THROUGH THIS DOOR...

I... I DON'T EVEN KNOW. I'LL PROBABLY START CRYING.

CLINT.

CLINT!

OOOOH. I GET IT...

...I DIED BACK IN THAT SAFE ROOM, DIDN'T I?

HOW DO WE KNOW WHICH ONE IS THE REAL NATASHA?

ARE YOU #$%&@ KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW, JAMES?

THAT ONE'S HER.

YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, NATASHA?

THEY'RE DUPLICATES.

CLINT WAS RIGHT. IT ***WASN'T*** YOU THAT KILLED ALL THOSE PEOPLE AND TRIED TO BLOW US UP.

NO, THAT ***WAS*** ME.

THE RED ROOM HAS BEEN KEEPING CLONED BODIES OF HIGH-VALUE AGENTS FOR SOME TIME NOW.

THEY HAD A PROGRAM TO REPLACE OUR BODIES WITH SUPER-ADAPTOIDS IN THE PAST, TOO. BUT ***THIS*** IS THE PREFERRED METHOD FOR REPLACING A DEAD AGENT.

SO THESE THINGS WERE THEIR BACKUP PLAN IN CASE YOU DIED?

I ***DID*** DIE, CLINT. YOU SAW IT.

I AM ***THESE THINGS.*** I AM THE BACKUP PLAN.

DON'T HOLD BACK! I WANT TO MAKE SURE THIS NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN. I NEED ALL OF *THEM* KILLED.

NAT, HANG ON. I CAN'T JUST KILL--

BLAM

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

MAKING SURE WE SURVIVE.

<THERE SHE IS! GET THE TRAITOR!>

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!

THEY'VE GOT US PINNED DOWN.

BLAST THAT DOOR OPEN!

WAIT...THAT'S THE WAY WE CAME IN. THERE'S NOTHING GOOD BEHIND THERE.

FINE, THEN COVER ME!

NO, NAT! WAIT!

DAMMIT!

NAT, DON'T OPEN THAT--

<GREETINGS, COMRADE.?

<GET THEM.?

CCCP
<SO IT'S A COUP, THEN? I ALWAYS KNEW YOU LACKED THE LOYALTY TO BE ONE OF US.?
<AND YOU LACKED THE VISION TO BECOME SOMETHING BETTER.?
NAT! STOP!
CLINT, LET HER FINISH THIS.
BLAM

<IT'S OVER.>

GET THE $%#@ OFF ME, BARNES.

<USENKO ESCAPED. GET THE CHILDREN OUT OF HERE. THEY WILL HAVE A WAY TO REMOTE DETONATE THIS SITE ONCE HE REPORTS THAT IT IS LOST.>

DA.

BUCKY, HELP ME MOVE ANYA AND YELENA.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I OWE THEM BACK WHAT I TOOK FROM THEM.

<YURGEI, YOU CAN RESTORE THEM? LIKE YOU PROMISED ME? DO THIS ONE LAST THING FOR ME AND I WILL SET YOU FREE.>

NATASHA, THIS GUY'S A VEGETABLE.

YES.

GOD, I HATE PSYCHICS.

CLINT...

WHAT? HE KNOWS I WAS THINKIN' IT.

WHAT IS ALL THIS, NAT?

THIS IS THE RED ROOM. EVEN IN DEATH THEY CONTROL YOU.

IF YOU'RE SO ANTI-RED ROOM, HOW COME YOU TRIED TO BLOW US UP FOR THEM?

IT WASN'T FOR THEM. IT WAS FOR ME. I WAS WORKING ON A PLAN...AND I KNEW YOU'D JUST GET IN THE WAY.

HEY!

SHE'S NOT WRONG.

NOT THE POINT. SHE THINKS BECAUSE WE DIDN'T DIE, AND SKIDS DIDN'T DIE, AND SHE CAN REVIVE THE PEOPLE SHE *DID* KILL, THAT ALL IS FORGIVEN?

I'M NOT ASKING FOR FORGIVENESS. I HAVEN'T ASKED FOR ANYTHING FROM EITHER OF YOU.

THAT'S WHAT YOU BOYS NEVER SEEM TO UNDERSTAND. THIS WAS NEVER ABOUT YOU.

THIS IS ABOUT THE THINGS I LOST.

IT IS DONE.

<THANK YOU, YURGEI. YOU ARE FREE.>

<THANK YOU, NATASHA.>

BLAM

DAMMIT, NAT! *DAMMIT.* WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU?

I TOLD YOU, CLINT. I DIED.

THAT'S *IT*?!

DEATH CAN GIVE YOU A CHANGE IN PERSPECTIVE, YES.

THE ASSASSINATIONS. THE KIDNAPPINGS. THE CHILDREN KILLERS. ALL OF THIS. THAT'S A HELL OF A *"CHANGE IN PERSPECTIVE."*

I WANT TO END IT.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

NO MORE SPIES.

NOT TO RUIN WHATEVER THIS IS...

"...BUT DIDN'T YOU MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BUILDING BLOWING UP, NATASHA?"

LITTLE LATE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SKIDS CAME THROUGH WITH THE CAVALRY.

I HAVE TO GO BACK IN.

NATASHA...

THERE IS INFORMATION IN THERE I DON'T WANT IN EX-S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS' HANDS ANY MORE THAN I WANT IT IN THE RED ROOM'S. JUST STALL HER FOR A FEW MINUTES.

ATF

HEY, SALLY. WE WERE JUST--

FBI

BOOM

ATF

FBI

FBI

ATF

ATF

FORTY MINUTES LATER.

LET'S GO OVER IT AGAIN. WE GOT A DOZEN BLOOD-SOAKED BALLERINAS WHO WON'T SPEAK A WORD.

MAYBE TWO DOZEN DEAD RUSSIAN SPIES ROASTING BEHIND YOU.

TWO CONFUSED LADIES SITTING IN THE BACK OF A SQUAD CAR, DESPITE THE FACT THAT I'VE READ THEIR *AUTOPSIES.*

AND STATE TROOPERS ARE GIVING ME REPORTS OF A BEAR RUNNING DOWN ROUTE 84 CURSING AT MOTORISTS, WHICH I FEEL HAS TO BE RELATED TO YOU MORONS.

AND EVERYONE AND THEIR MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW HOW ALL OF THIS HAPPENED IN SLEEPY WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.

YOU GUYS KNOW YOU ROYALLY @#$%€ THIS UP, RIGHT?

THE POWERS THAT BE DON'T LIKE IT WHEN I THREATEN AVENGERS, SO I'M GONNA *SUGGEST* THAT *MAYBE* YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE TOWN IN CASE WE NEED YOU TO I.D. HER BODY WHEN WE FIND IT.

YUP.

BUT DON'T EVEN $#%€@ THINK OF LEAVING TOWN.

YOU KNOW SHE'S NOT DEAD, RIGHT?

I KNOW.

HEY. YOU GUYS "CLINT" AND "JAMES"?

WESTCHESTER F.D. FOUND THESE STUCK TO A TREE OVER THERE.

YOU'VE GOT MINE.

GIMME MINE.

My dearest Clint,
I want to thank you for not giving up on me. For coming after me. For trying to teach me how to be better. Im sorry it didn't take. I care about you deeply. But where Im going now, you can't follow. I hope you'll understand. And if you can't, I hope you can learn to stop caring about the people who always hurt you.
-xoxo Natasha

WHAT DID YOUR LETTER SAY?

NOTHING MUCH.

WHAT DID *YOURS* SAY?

SAME.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THAT COULD HAVE GONE WORSE. YOU MAKE A PRETTY GOOD SIDEKICK.

WANT TO GET SOME BREAKFAST?

NO.

James,

I have an idea. Maybe it works, or maybe I die trying. But I know I'll stand a better chance with you. by my side. If you want to know more, find me in exactly one week. You know where. And if not, please forget about this.

-Natasha

P.S. Clint can't know.

THE END.

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